



THE UNIVERSITY *of* EDINBURGH

Edinburgh Research Explorer

Robert Burns, Selected Poems and Songs

Citation for published version:

Burns, R & Irvine, R (ed.) 2013, Robert Burns, Selected Poems and Songs. Oxford University Press, Oxford.

Link:

[Link to publication record in Edinburgh Research Explorer](#)

Document Version:

Publisher's PDF, also known as Version of record

Publisher Rights Statement:

© Irvine, R. (Ed.), & Burns, R. (2013). Selected Poems and Songs. Oxford:OUP.

General rights

Copyright for the publications made accessible via the Edinburgh Research Explorer is retained by the author(s) and / or other copyright owners and it is a condition of accessing these publications that users recognise and abide by the legal requirements associated with these rights.

Take down policy

The University of Edinburgh has made every reasonable effort to ensure that Edinburgh Research Explorer content complies with UK legislation. If you believe that the public display of this file breaches copyright please contact openaccess@ed.ac.uk providing details, and we will remove access to the work immediately and investigate your claim.



Songs from *The Scots Musical Museum*

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES

Andante

There's nought but care on ev' - ry han', In ev' - ry hour that pas - ses, O: What

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with a half note G2 and a quarter note A2.

sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An' twere not for the las - ses, O?

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes (Bb4, A4, G4) and then a half note F4. The bass staff continues with a half note G2 and a quarter note A2.

Chorus

Green grow the rash - es, O; Green grow the rash - es, O; The

The third system of musical notation, which is the beginning of the chorus. The treble staff features a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with a half note G2 and a quarter note A2.

sweet - est hours that e'er I spend, Are spent a - mang the las - ses, O.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff continues with a half note G2 and a quarter note A2.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' twere not for the lasses, O?

CHORUS: Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

10

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,
Ye'er nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest Man the warl' saw,^o
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

20

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

Lively

Bon - ny las - sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

bon - ny las - sie, will ye go to the Birks of A - ber - fel - dy? Now

Sim - mer blinks on flow - ery braes, And o'er the chrys - tal stream - lets plays; Come

let us spend the light - some days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

Bon - ny las - sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

Bon - ny las - sie, will ye go to the Birks of A - ber - fel - dy?

CHORUS: Bonny lassie, will ye go,
will ye go, will ye go,
bonny lassie, will ye go
to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

10

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant-spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

20

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me.
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

THE PLOUGHMAN

Lively

The Plough-man he's a bo - ny lad, His mind is e - ver true, jo, His

gar - ters knit be - low his knee, His bon - net it is blue, jo. Then

up wi't a', my Plough-man lad, And hey, my mer - ry Plough-man; Of

a' the trades that I do ken, Com-mend me to the Plough-man.

The Ploughman he's a bony lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.°

CHORUS: Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,
 And hey, my merry Ploughman;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the Ploughman.

My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary: 10
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie.
Up wi't a' &c.

I will wash my Ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early.
Up wi't a' &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston,^o
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. 20
Up wi't a' &c.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin;
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O but he was handsome!
Up wi't a' &c.

Commend me to the Barn yard,
And the Corn-mou, man;^o
I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.
Up wi't a' &c.

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE

Lively

O Rat - tlin, roa - rin Wil - lie, O he held to the fair, An'

for to sell his fid - dle And buy some o - ther ware; But

par - ting wi' his fid - dle, The saut tear blin't his e'e; And

Rat - tlin, roar - in Wil - lie Ye're wel - come hame to me.

O Rattlin, roarin Willie,
O he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle
And buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e;^o
And Rattlin, roarin Willie
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine;
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had.

10

As I cam by Crochallan^o
I cannily keekit ben,
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was sitting at yon boord-en',
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

20

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY

Slowish

O Tib-bie, I hae seen the day, Ye would na been sae shy; For

laik o' gear ye light - ly me, But trowth, I care na by. Yes -

treen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure; Ye

geck at me be-cause I'm poor, But fient a hair care I. O

Tib-bie, I hae seen the day, Ye would na been sae shy; For

laik o' gear ye light - ly me, But trowth I care na by.

CHORUS: O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.
Tibbie, I hae &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
Tibbie, I hae &c.

10

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
Tibbie, I hae &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
Tibbie, I hae &c.

20

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
Be better than the kye.
Tibbie, I hae &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
Tibbie, I hae &c.

AY WAUKIN, O

Slow

Sim - mer's a plea - sant time, Flowers of ev' - ry co - lour; The

wa - ter rins o'er the heugh, And I long for my true lo - ver!

Ay wau - kin, O, Wau - kin still and wea - ry:

Sleep I can get nane, For think - ing on my Dear - ie.

Simmer's a pleasant time,
Flowers of ev'ry colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover!

CHORUS: Ay waukin, O,
Waukin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my Dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm irie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my Dearie.
Ay waukin &c.

10

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin:
I think on my bony lad
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.
Ay waukin &c.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

My love she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet, We'll

let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half sae sau - cy yet. I

rue the day I sought her O, I rue the day I sought her O, Wha

gets her needs na say he's woo'd, But he may say he's bought her O.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet,
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

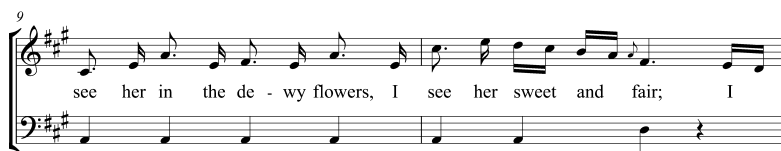
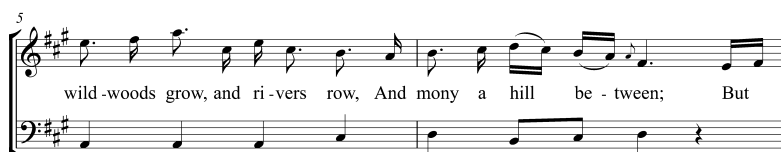
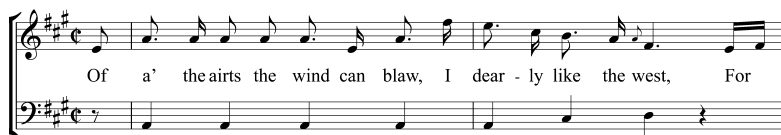
I rue the day I sought her O,
I rue the day I sought her O,
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet:
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never misst it yet.

10

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:
The minister kisst the fidler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin o't.

I LOVE MY JEAN



13

not a bo - ny flower, that springs By foun - tain, shaw, or green, There's

15

not a bo - ny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bony Lassie lives,
 The Lassie I lo'e best:
 There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bony flower, that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bony bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

10

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

Lively

John An - der - son my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent; Your

locks were like the ra - ven, Your bo - ny brow was brent; But

now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; But

bles-sings on your fro - sty pow, John An - der - son my Jo.

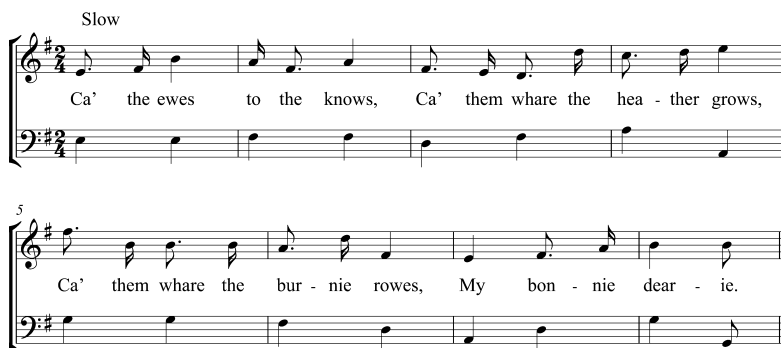
John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bony brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill the gither;
And mony a canty day John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep the gither at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.

10

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES

Slow



Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the hea - ther grows,

Ca' them whare the bur - nie rowes, My bon - nie dear - ie.

CHORUS: Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
 There I met my shepherd-lad,
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
 An he ca'd me his dearie.
 Ca' the ewes &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.
 Ca' the ewes &c.

10

I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd-lad, to play the fool,
 And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And nae body to see me.
 Ca' the ewes &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes &c.

20

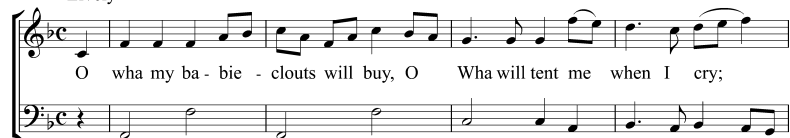
If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes &c.

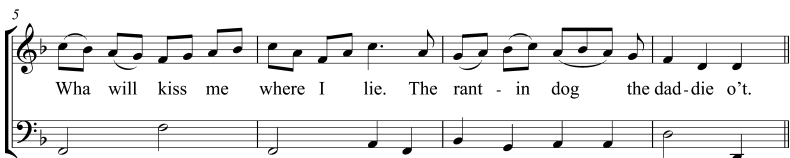
30

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T

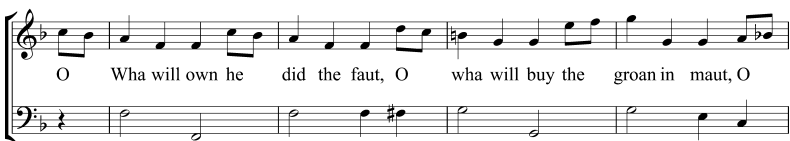
Lively



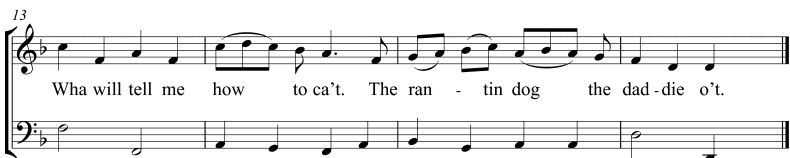
O wha my ba - bie - clouts will buy, O Wha will tent me when I cry;



Wha will kiss me where I lie. The rant - in dog the dad-die o't.



O Wha will own he did the faut, O wha will buy the groan in maut, O



Wha will tell me how to ca't. The ran - tin dog the dad-die o't.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy,
O wha will tent me when I cry;
Wha will kiss me where I lie.
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the faut,
O wha will buy the groanin maut,^o
O wha will tell me how to ca't.
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the Creepie-chair,^o
Wha will sit beside me there,
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

10

Wha will crack to me my lane;
Wha will mak me fidgin fain;
Wha will kiss me o'er again.
The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

TAM GLEN

My heart is a brea-king, dear Tit-tie, Some coun-sel un-to me come len', To

an-ger them a' is a pi-ty, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen:
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 'Gude day to you brute' he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

My Minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen.

10

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:°
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

20

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,°
My heart to my mou gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;°
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to Marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

30

MY TOCHERS THE JEWEL

Slow

O mei-kle thinks my Luve o' my beau-ty, And mei-kle thinks my Luve o' my kin; But

lit-tle thinks my Luve, I ken braw-lic, My tocher's the jew-el has charms for him. It's

a' for the ap-ple he'll nour-ish the tree; It's a' for the hin-ey he'll che-rish the bee, My

laddie's sae meik-le in love wi'the sil-ler, He can-na hae luv'e to spare for me.

O meikle thinks my Luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my Luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my Luve, I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee,
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny,^o
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree.
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

10

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME

Slowish

By yon cas-tle wa' at the close of the day, I heard a man

sing tho' his head it was grey; And as he was sing - ing the

tears down came, There'll ne - ver be peace till Jam-ie comes hame. The

Church is in ru - ins, the state is in jars, De - lu - sions, op-

pres - sions, and mur - der - ous wars, We dare na weel say't, but we

ken wha's to blame, There'll ne - ver be peace till Jam-ie comes hame.

By yon castle wa' at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
And as he was singing the tears down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The Church is in ruins, the state is in jars,^o
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,^o
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,^o
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd; 10
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld Dame,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

RORY DALL'S PORT

Slow and tender

Ae fond kiss, and then we se - ver; Ae fare-well and then for ev - er!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War - ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that for - tune grieves him While the star of hope she leaves him?

Me, nae chear-fu' twin - kle lights me; Dark de - spair a - round be-nights me.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope he leaves him?
Me, nae chearfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

10

Fare thou weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, Alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

20

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL

Slow

O Leeze me on my spin - ning wheel, And leeze me on my rock and reel; Frae

tap to tae that cleeds me bien, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! I'll

set me down and sing and spin, While laigh de - scends the sim - mer sun, Blest

wi' con - tent, and milk and meal, O leeze me on my spin - nin wheel.

O Leeze me on my spinning wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;^o
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal,
O leeze me on my spinnin wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,^o
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where, blythe I turn my spinnin wheel.

10

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ithers lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,^o
The pairtrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

20

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flairing, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel!

30

YE JACOBITES BY NAME

Slowish

Ye Ja - co - bites by name give an ear, give an ear; Ye

Ja - co - bites by name, give an ear; Ye

Ja - co - bites by name Your fautes I will pro - claim Your

doc - trines I maun blame, you shall hear.

Ye Jacobites by name give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name
Your fautes I will proclaim
Your doctrines I maun blame,
You shall hear.

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang?
A short sword, and a lang, 10
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd a far, fam'd a far?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd a far?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life
Wi' bludie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state,
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, 20
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Slow and tender

Ye Banks and braes o' bo - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care! Thou'll

break my heart thou warb - ling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flower - ing thorn: Thou

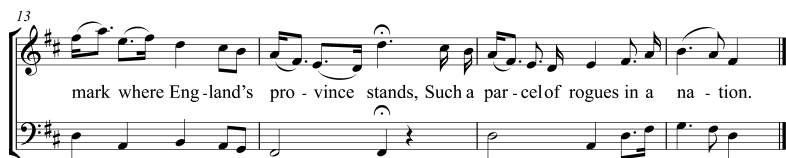
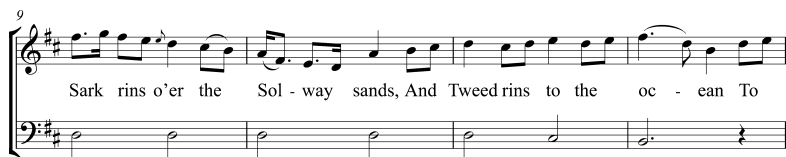
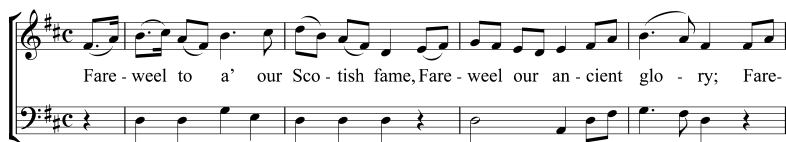
minds me o' de - par - ted joys, De - par - ted ne - ver to re - turn.

Ye Banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.^o

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luv,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luv staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

10

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION



Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark runs o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean^o
To mark where England's province stands,
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane,
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

10

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could fell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!^o
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

20

AFTON WATER

Slow & tender

Flow gent-ly sweet A - fton a - mong thy green braes, Flow

The first system of musical notation for 'Afton Water'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with a half note G3 and a quarter note A3.

gent-ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The bass staff continues with a half note G3 and a quarter note A3.

Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4 and Bb4. The bass staff continues with a half note G3 and a quarter note A3.

gent-ly, sweet A - fton, dis - turb not her dream.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4 and Bb4. The bass staff continues with a half note G3 and a quarter note A3.

Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,^o
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; 10
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. 20

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

was made Earl of Chatham in 1766. Pitt had been first brought into government by Shelburne, and resigned with him; now those opposed to the India Bill, including the King, began to line up Pitt as an alternative prime minister.

- 139 l. 56. *'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'*. 'Up an' waur them a', Willie' was a Jacobite song on the Battle of Sheriffmuir (see note to p. 57, l. 127), a version of which Burns adapted as song 188 for *The Scots Musical Museum*.

l. 57. *Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone*. George Grenville, third Earl Temple (1753–1813) communicated to the House of Lords the King's view 'that he should consider all who voted for it [Fox's India Bill] as his enemies'. The Lords duly rejected it on 17 December 1783, allowing the King to dismiss Fox and North and appoint Pitt as First Lord of the Treasury.

l. 59. *slee D-nd-s*. For Henry Dundas see note to p. 18, l. 78. A key ally of Pitt's, working to secure him support among Scottish MPs; the 'Roman wa'' is Hadrian's, running across England to the south of the border with Scotland.

- 140 ll. 65–6. *N-rth, F-x, and Co. | Gowff'd Willie like a ba'*. Although Pitt was now prime minister, Fox retained control of the Commons, and Pitt's measures were repeatedly voted down there in the following months.

ll. 67–8. *and coost their claise | Behind him in a raw*. The image seems to be of men stripping for a fight. Pitt came to convince as a 'Patriot' politician, governing independently of factional interests, and Fox's majorities in the Commons were steadily whittled away even before the general election in the spring of 1784.

l. 72. *To mak it guid in law*. Established by the constitutionally dubious tactics described in the note to l. 57, Pitt's government was made 'guid in law' by the 1784 election to the extent that it gave him a majority in the Commons of around 120; Dundas's efforts made the Pittite victory particularly convincing in Scotland ('*Caledon*').

Songs from *The Scots Musical Museum*

For a description of this publication, and Burns's role in it, see the Introduction to this volume.

- 142 *Green grow the Rashes*. K45; song 77 in *SMM* Vol. I (1787), with the attribution 'The words by M^r R. Burns'.

The tune is traditional, recorded as early as 1627, as are the first two lines of the chorus. In Burns's time this seems mostly to have been used for bawdy lyrics: there are two such sets in *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (see headnote to 'The Fornicator', p. 383), one collected by Burns, and another probably by him, where the chorus continues 'The lasses they hae wimble bores, | The widows they hae gashes, O' (K124). In the present version, sexual pleasure provides a perspective from which the priorities

of commercial society can be criticized. These words were also published in the second, Edinburgh, edition of *Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* in the same year under the title ‘Green grow the Rashes. A Fragment’ (hence, presumably, the exception to Burns’s usual rule of anonymity in *SMM*). The title above the song in *SMM* is the name of the tune (as that above ‘Ae Fond Kiss’ is ‘Rory Dall’s Port’), as derived from the chorus of the traditional lyric, which, following a Scottish usage, has ‘grows’, not ‘grow’; the index in *SMM*, like the Edinburgh *Poems*, changes this to ‘grow’ after Burns’s chorus.

- 143 l. 19. *The wisest Man the warl’ saw*. Solomon, the Old Testament king proverbial for wisdom, granted by God ‘a wise and an understanding heart’ in 1 Kings 3: 12; and who ‘loved many strange women’ and had ‘seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines’ (1 Kings 11: 1, 3).

- 144 *The Birks of Aberfeldy*. K170; song 113 in *SMM* Vol. I (1787), with no attribution, but signed ‘B’.

The tune is that of an older song, ‘The Birks of Abergeldie’, recorded in the late seventeenth century and common in the eighteenth-century collections: Johnson also prints its chorus and three, much simpler, stanzas, in which the seducer’s promises are more material (‘Ye shall get a gown of silk, | And coat of calinmancoe’) and the bonny lassie answers back (‘Na, kind Sir, I dare nae gang, | My Minnie she’ll be angry’). Abergeldie is on Deeside in the north-east; Aberfeldy is on the upper Tay, where Burns wrote this song on his Highland tour earlier in 1787.

- 146 *The Ploughman*. K205; song 165 in *SMM* Vol. II (1788), with no attribution.

The tune is in several of the eighteenth-century collections. Burns borrows stanzas 2 and 3 from the lyric in David Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs* (1769), 317–18; like Herd before him he also has an eye on the bawdy version later published in *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (1799), where ploughing is an extended metaphor for sex.

- l. 4. *His bonnet it is blue*. The flat round cap of blue wool was the traditional headgear of Scottish farmers and farm labourers.

- 147 l. 18. *Saint Johnston*. An old name for Perth.

- l. 26. *Corn-mou*. ‘A pile of unthreshed grain stored in a barn’ (*DSL*).

- 148 *Rattlin, roarin Willie*. K216; song 194 in *SMM* Vol. II (1788), with no attribution.

Another tune dating from at least the late seventeenth century. The first two stanzas are traditional: Burns adds a third to turn it into a celebration of his own convivial circle.

- 149 l. 6. *The saut tear blin’t his e’e*. A mock-heroic moment. As Kinsley notes, this is a phrase typical of tragic ballads, e.g. *Mary Hamilton*: ‘But when she cam to the gallows-foot, | The saut tear blinded her ee’ (Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* no. 173, version M, ll. 23–4).

- 149 1. 17. *Crochallan*. The Crochallan Fencibles was a drinking club founded in Edinburgh by William Smellie, a printer, which met in a tavern in Anchor Close owned by Daunie Douglas. Douglas was famous for singing the Gaelic song ‘Crodh Chailein’ (Colin’s Cattle), which gave the club the first part of its name. The second is the designation for the militias raised for home defence since the American Revolutionary War, members of the club adopting mock-military rank. Mention of the Crochallan here turns ‘Willie’ into a specific figure, its president ‘Colonel’ William Dunbar, a lawyer.

- 150 *Tibbie, I hae seen the day*. K6; song 196 in *SMM* Vol. II (1788), with no attribution, but signed ‘X’.

The tune, named in *SMM*, is ‘Invercauld’s Reel’, found in several eighteenth-century collections of Strathspeys. As Kinsley’s number indicates, this is one of Burns’s earliest pieces, composed when he was 17 or 18.

- 152 *Ay maukin, O*. K287; song 213 in *SMM* Vol. III (1790), with no attribution.

An old tune, and words that also draw on traditional materials. The second and third verses, with only five syllables in the first line, are scored with an alternative first bar in the text:



- 154 *My love she’s but a Lassie yet*. K293; song 225 in *SMM* Vol. III (1790), with no attribution.

The first stanza is traditional, and had been attached to this tune, ‘Miss Farquarson’s Reel’, before Burns; he turns it into a drinking song, with the last stanza borrowed from another version of ‘Green grows the Rashes’.

- 156 *I Love my Jean*. K227; song 235 in *SMM* Vol. III (1790), with no attribution, but signed ‘R’.

The first line is sometimes used as the title. The index in *SMM* comments ‘Music by Marshall’, but William Marshall’s ‘Miss Admiral Gordon’s Strathspey’ is in turn based on an older tune. Written for Burns’s wife, Jean (née Armour); George Thomson emphasized this autobiographical context in renaming the tune ‘The Poet’s ain Jean’ for publication in the *Select Collection* in 1805.

- 158 *John Anderson my Jo*. K302; song 260 in *SMM* Vol. III (1790), with no attribution, but signed ‘B’.

A very old tune, long attached to this title; but the version circulating in eighteenth-century Scotland was a wife’s brisk complaint about her ageing husband’s impotence, as reflected in the lyric included in *The Merry Muses of Caledonia*: ‘John Anderson, my jo, John, | When first that ye began, | Ye had as good a tail-tree, | As any other man’, and so on.

Burns slows down the tune, and, as with ‘Green grows the Rashes’, turns a bawdy song into something very different. Republished in Thomson’s *Select Collection* in 1799.

- 160 *Ca’ the ewes to the knowes*. K185; song 264 in *SMM* Vol. III (1790), with no attribution. ‘Ewes’ must be pronounced as it is usually spelt in Scots, ‘yowes’.

Kinsley designates this version the ‘A’ text. This is a rare instance of Burns ‘collecting’ a traditional song from an oral source, rather than writing new lyrics, or adapting old ones, for already-published tunes. His source was Revd John Clunie, at the time of his meeting Burns in 1787 a schoolmaster in Fife; writing to Thomson in 1794, Burns says that Clunie ‘sung it charmingly; & at my request, M^r Clarke took it down from his singing.—When I gave it to Johnson, I added some Stanzas to the song and mended others, but still it will not do for you’ (L636). Right enough, a ‘B’ text (K456), revised further for Thomson, never appeared in the *Select Collection*. The verse needs to fit in five syllables before the second bar, where the chorus has only three, so the score offers separate notation for this:



- 162 *The rantin dog the Daddie o’t*. K80; song 277 in *SMM* Vol. III (1790), with no attribution, but signed ‘Z’, which the Index tells us designates ‘old verses, with corrections or additions’ rather than a particular author: Burns is trying to distance himself from what are clearly his words.

The tune is named in *SMM* as ‘East nook o’ Fife’. The words follow the pattern of a lyric by Allan Ramsay, ‘The Cordial’ (Ramsay Vol. III, 40–1), whose tune is known by the first line of Ramsay’s song, ‘Where will bonny Annie lie’, and sometimes proposed as an alternative setting for the present song. I have made consistent the random capitalization of ‘wha’ in the score. Included, as it stands, in *The Merry Muses of Caledonia*.

- 163 l. 6. *groanin maut*. ‘Ale brewed to celebrate a birth’ (*DSL*).
 l. 9. *Creepie-chair*. The stool of repentance, in church, where those guilty of ‘fornication’ stood to be publicly rebuked: see note to p. 133, l. 54. Compare also the same experience narrated from the male point of view in ‘The Fornicator’ from *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (in this volume).
- 164 *Tam Glen*. K236; song 296 in *SMM* Vol. III (1790), with no attribution. The tune is ‘The Merry Beggars’, an English tune from the opera *The Jovial Crew* (1731) which had found its way into Oswald’s *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. The lyric was republished in the *Select Collection* in 1799 set to ‘The Muckin’ o’ Geordie’s Byre’: one of Thomson’s favourite tunes, but a setting never suggested by Burns.
- 165 l. 18. *hunder marks ten*. The mark or merk was an old unit of Scottish currency, equivalent to 13s. 4d.

- 165 l. 21. *the Valentines' dealing*. 'A custom observed on St.Valentine's eve whereby the names of the members of a company of both sexes are written on slips of paper and then chosen by lot by the opposite sex, the person whose name was drawn supposedly becoming the drawer's sweetheart for the year' (*DSL*).

l. 26. *My droukit sark-sleeve*. Another way of discovering your destined partner: 'You go out . . . to a south-running spring or rivulet . . . and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Ly awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it' (Burns's note to 'Halloween' in the *Kilmarnock Poems*, p. 61).

- 166 *My Tochers the Jewel*. K345; song 312 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution, but signed 'B'.

The tune is 'The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre', which dates from the early eighteenth century, and is found in many of the song collections of the period. The last four lines of the lyric, and possibly others, are borrowed from traditional materials. Thomson republished this song in the *Select Collection*, 1799.

- 167 l. 9. *airle-penny*. 'Payment as a token of engagement of services, or as the preliminary to the striking of a bargain' (*DSL*).

- 168 *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame*. K326; song 315 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution.

The tune is in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion* Vol. I, 20. Sending this song to his friend Alexander Cunningham, an Edinburgh lawyer, in March 1791, Burns introduces it thus: 'You must know a beautiful Jacobite Air, There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.—When Political combustion ceases to be the object of Princes and Patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of Historians & Poets.—' He continues, 'If you like the air, & if the stanzas hit your fancy, you cannot imagine, my dear Friend, how much you would oblige me if by the charms of your delightful voice you would give my honest effusion to "The memory of joys that are past," to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure.—' (L442).

'Jacobites' were loyalists of the exiled King James, VII of Scotland and II of England (deposed by William and Mary in 1688); and after his death in 1701 of his son, also James (d. 1766). Jacobite sentiment remained widespread in Scottish song even as political commitment to a Stuart restoration shrivelled.

- 169 l. 5. *The Church is in ruins*. James was driven out in 1688 for being a Catholic, and for having a son and heir whom he could raise a Catholic. But many Jacobites were adherents of the 'national' church as they understood it: high-church Anglicans in England, opposed to tolerance for dissenting Protestant denominations; and Episcopalians in Scotland, opposed to the Presbyterian constitution confirmed for the Church of Scotland in 1690.

l. 7. *we ken wha's to blame*. Either William, or the House of Hanover, the German Protestant princely family on whom the British crown was settled on the death of James VII's childless, but Protestant, daughters Mary and Anne. George of Hanover acceded to the throne on Anne's death in 1714 as George I.

l. 9. *for Jamie drew sword*. John Graham of Claverhouse raised forces for the elder James that defeated government forces at Killiecrankie in 1689; and there were two significant uprisings in Scotland in support of the younger James, in 1715 and in 1745–6.

- 170 *Rory Dall's Port* [*À fond kiss*]. K337; song 347 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution, but signed 'X'.

SMM gives as the title the name of the tune, which is in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Vol. VIII, 24: 'port' is Gaelic for 'tune', and Rory Dall is the traditional name of the harper of the MacLeods at Dunvegan on Skye. This tune is very different to the one to which Burns's words are usually sung today.

The song is associated with Burns's relationship with Mrs Agnes McLehose, whom he met in Edinburgh in 1787 when she had been separated from her lawyer husband for many years. Herself a poet, they entered into an intense sentimental relationship conducted mostly through the exchange of letters and verse. Burns adapted two of McLehose's poems for publication as lyrics in *SMM* Vol. II (186, 'Talk not of love' and 190, 'To a Blackbird', both 'By a Lady'), a volume which also included his own song (198) 'Clarinda' sung by 'Sylvander': pseudonyms the pair used in their letters. McLehose broke with Burns on learning of his marriage to Jean Armour later in 1788; but contact was renewed in late 1791, just before McLehose made the dangerous crossing to Jamaica in a failed attempt at reconciliation with her husband. Anticipation of this journey clearly prompted the three poems of farewell to 'Nancy' of which this is one. Yet the letter in which Burns sent them to McLehose frames them in a quite different way: 'I have yours, my ever dearest Nancy, this moment.—I have just ten minutes before the Post goes, & these I shall employ in sending you some Songs I have just been composing to different tunes for the Collection of Songs, of which you have three volumes—& of which you *shall* have the fourth.—' (L486).

- 172 *Bess and her Spinning Wheel*. K365; song 360 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution.

The tune is called 'Sweet's the lass that loves me' in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Vol. V, 10 but dates from around 1700.

l. 2. *rock and reel*. The distaff, the tool which held the unspun flax or wool during spinning, and the reel onto which it was spun.

- 173 l. 9. *the burnies trot*. In the sense of 'to flow rapidly and noisily, to purl, ripple' (*DSL*).

l. 21. *craik*. Corncrake.

- 174 *Ye Jacobites by Name*. K371; song 371 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution.

The tune had been published in an English collection of 1719–20: in the list of songs for inclusion in *SMM* drawn up by Burns and Johnson, its title is given as ‘Up, Black-nebs by Name, alias Ye Jacobites by Name’. ‘Black-neb’ is a (usually derogatory) name for a democrat, sympathetic to the aims of the French Revolution (for ‘Jacobites’ see headnote to ‘There’ll never be peace till Jamie comes hame’, p. 344). Both titles promise a song inciting political action from those content with the mere name of a party: the song delivers something much more ambivalent.

- 176 *The Banks o’ Doon*. K328; song 374 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution, but signed ‘B’.

This, Kinsley’s ‘B’ text, is the song now known under this title, and was published again in Thomson’s *Select Collection* in 1798; the earlier ‘A’ text was written for a different tune. The present tune is ‘The Caledonian Hunt’s Delight’, first published in Niel Gow’s second volume of *Strathspey Reels* (1788). For the river Doon, see Map.

- 177 ll. 7–8. *departed joys, | Departed never to return*. Kinsley suggests an echo of Robert Blair’s *The Grave* (1743): ‘Of Joys departed | Not to return, how painful the Remembrance!’ (ll. 109–10).

- 178 *Such a parcel of rogues in a nation*. K375; song 378 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution.

The specific ‘rogues’ accused here are the 31 Scottish Commissioners who negotiated a Treaty of Union between the English and Scottish parliaments in 1706. Headed by the Duke of Queensberry, they included two directors of the Bank of Scotland and the Provost of Edinburgh as well as noblemen. Most stood to gain financially from the terms of the Treaty, which included compensation for the losses incurred by investors in Scotland’s calamitous colonial venture in Central America the previous decade. Securing the assent of the Scottish parliament to its own abolition in 1707 also required considerable bribery, so this song’s targets can be understood to include a large part of Scotland’s politically enfranchised class, as well as the Commissioners. The Union was deeply unpopular with ordinary Scots, and Burns has adapted a song, both words and music, from around that time: the tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Vol. IV, 26.

- 179 ll. 5–6. *Now Sark runs o’er the Solway sands, | And Tweed rins to the ocean*. The river Sark marks the western end of the border between England and Scotland, and runs into the Solway Firth; the river Tweed, as it approaches the North Sea, forms its eastern end.

l. 20. *Bruce and loyal Wallace*. Robert Bruce, King of Scots 1306–29, and William Wallace (d. 1305), leaders of Scotland’s Wars of Independence from England.

- 180 *Afton Water*. K257; song 386 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution, but signed ‘B’.

Burns sent this lyric to his friend and patron Mrs Dunlop in February 1789, with these words: ‘There is a small river, Afton, that falls into Nith, near New-Cumnock, which has some charming, wild, romantic scenery on its banks.—I have a particular pleasure in those little pieces of poetry

such as our Scots songs, &c. where the names and landskip-features of rivers, lakes, or woodlands, that one knows, are introduced.—I attempted a compliment of that kind, to Afton, as follows: I mean it for Johnson's Musical Museum.—' (L310).

- 181 ll. 5–6: *Thou stock dove . . . Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den*. Kinsley suggests that the birds are borrowed from James Thomson's 'Spring': 'The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake' at l. 604, and 'the stock-dove breathes | A melancholy murmur through the whole' at l. 613; the stock-dove first appears in the second edition of 1730 (Thomson 19).

- 182 *The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman*. K386; song 399 in *SMM* Vol. IV (1792), with no attribution.

In early 1792 Burns sent this song to John Leven, a General Supervisor in the Excise Office at Edinburgh, and thus one of Burns's superiors. The letter is mostly Excise business, but ends, 'M^r Mitchell mentioned to you a ballad which I composed & sung at one of his Excise-court dinners: here it is.—' (L500). The tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Vol. VIII, 21, though it also appears in an earlier, English collection: in his letter Burns gives its name as 'Madam Cassey'.

- 183 l. 3. *Mahoun*. The devil.

l. 15. *the ae best dance*. 'Before a superlative, ae adds emphasis' explains *DSL*.

- 184 *A red red Rose*. K453; song 402 in *SMM* Vol. V (1796), with no attribution, but the 'Old Set' (see below) is signed 'R'.

The tune is 'Major Graham', from Niel Gow's first volume of *Strathspey Reels* (1784). This three-part tune requested by Burns creates a problem for setting the words: in performance, one of those parts has to be repeated to accommodate all four stanzas. The full lyric, as reproduced here, appears in song 403, an 'Old Set' of these words to a different (but, as Kinsley notes, no more traditional) tune. The lyric borrows from traditional materials but reorganized by Burns. In a letter to Alexander Cunningham with the song in late 1793, Burns describes giving it to Pietro Urbani, the Milanese-born composer and teacher who was himself publishing a collection of Scottish songs in Edinburgh: '—I likewise gave him a simple old Scots song which I had pickt up in this country [i.e. Dumfriesshire], which he promised to set in a suitable manner.—I would not even have given him this, had there been any of M^r Thomson's airs, *suitable to it*, unoccupied' (L593A). Thomson republished the song to the same tune in the *Select Collection* in 1799.

- 186 *Auld lang syne*. K240; song 413 in *SMM* Vol. V (1796), with no attribution, but signed 'Z' (signifying 'old verses, with corrections or additions').

The tune is in the *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, Vol. III, 21, and dates from at least 1700. How much of that lyric is Burns's invention has been debated: the title, and a version of the chorus, had certainly long been in circulation. In his own comments Burns consistently attributes the song to an earlier source. In a letter to Mrs Dunlop in 1788, Burns describes it as 'an old song & tune which has often thrilled thro' my soul'; and at the